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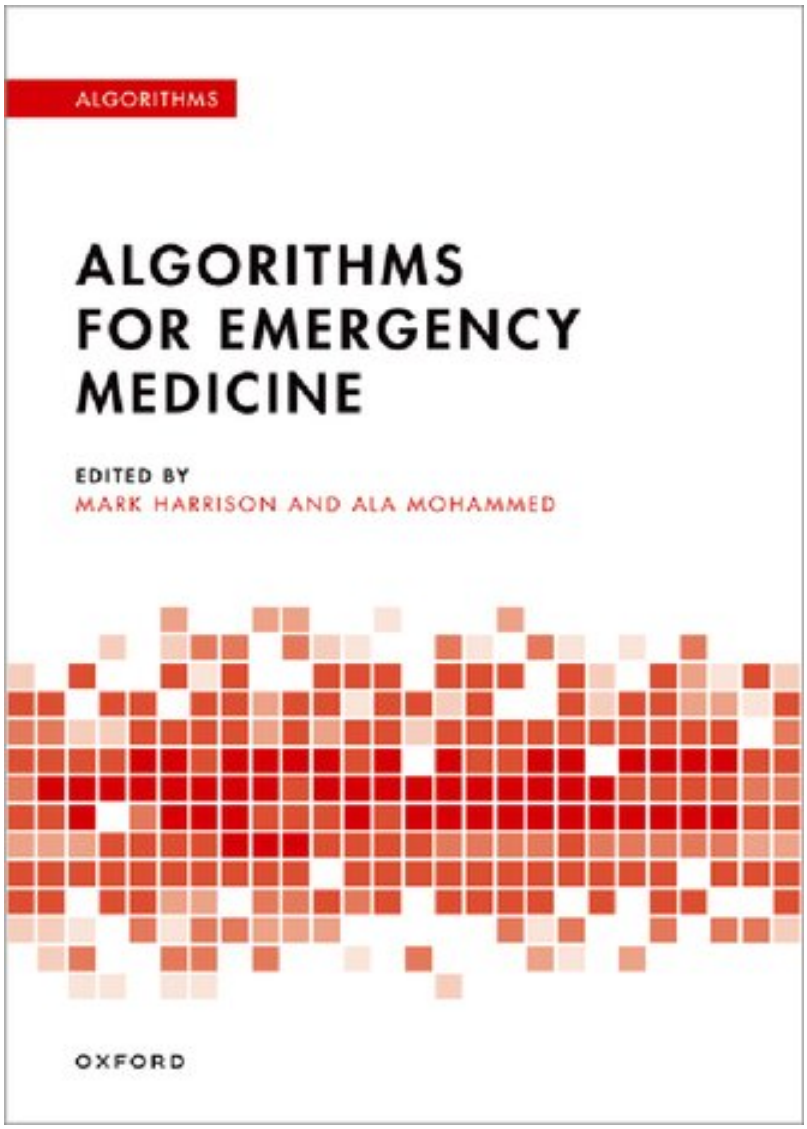

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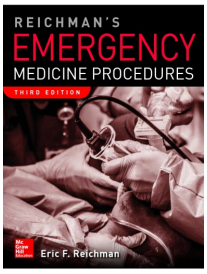

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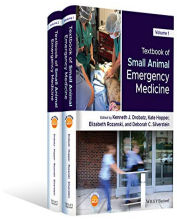

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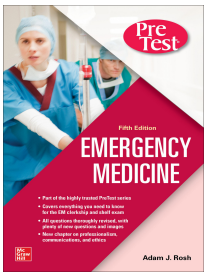

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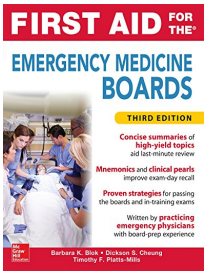

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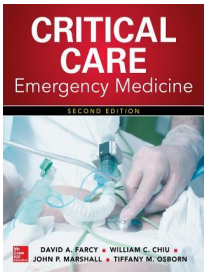

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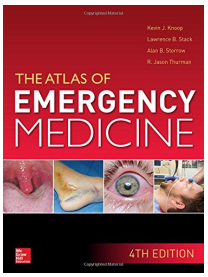

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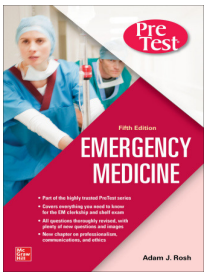

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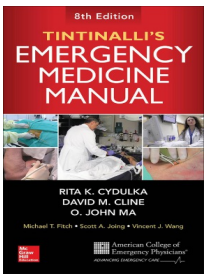

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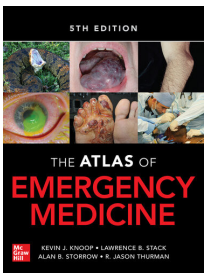

ALGORITHMS

ALGORITHMS FOR EMERGENCY MEDICINE

EDITED BY
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OXFORD

Algorithms for Emergency Medicine

Algorithms for Emergency Medicine

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OXFORD
UNIVERSITY PRESS

OXFORD
UNIVERSITY PRESS

Great Clarendon Street, Oxford, OX2 6DP,
United Kingdom

Oxford University Press is a department of the University of Oxford.
It furthers the University's objective of excellence in research, scholarship,
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First Edition published in 2023

Impression: 1

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Published in the United States of America by Oxford University Press
198 Madison Avenue, New York, NY 10016, United States of America

British Library Cataloguing in Publication Data

Data available

Library of Congress Control Number is on file at the Library of Congress

ISBN 978–0–19–882913–3

DOI: 10.1093/med/9780198829133.001.0001

Printed and bound by
CPI Group (UK) Ltd, Croydon, CR0 4YY

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PREFACE

Delivering Emergency Medicine involves constant challenges to the emergency clinician, reflected by the wide breadth of conditions that are encountered, the necessity for the frequent need to deal with multiple severely unwell patients, the time constraints of acute illnesses, and the urgency needed in diagnosis and treatment.

Algorithms for Emergency Medicine is designed to be a 'straight to the point' reference to help face these challenges and allow the busy emergency clinician to respond and deliver appropriate care in a timely fashion.

The book is divided into ten sections (e.g. Practical procedures, Airway and breathing, Cardiovascular) and each section is comprised of a number of topics. Each topic is divided into an information section, which provides essential knowledge, tips, and salient points on the topic, and an algorithm, which is aimed to guide the clinician in a step-by-step manner in managing these conditions. These are based on the Royal College of Emergency Medicine curriculum for those who would like to train or obtain experience in delivering Emergency Medicine which contains up-to-date evidence and knowledge.

This book would have not been possible without the dedication and commitment by the authors and the willingness to share their experience in delivering emergency care.

We hope that this book will be useful for Emergency Nurse Practitioners, new doctors starting their placement in the Emergency Department, and trainee doctors working towards specializing in Emergency Medicine.

Ala Mohammed
Mark Harrison

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ABBREVIATIONS

6-CIT	six-item Cognitive Impairment Test
AAA	abdominal aortic aneurysm
AAGBI	Association of Anaesthetists of Great Britain and Ireland
ABCDE	airway, breathing, circulation, disability, exposure
ABG	arterial blood gas
ABPI	ankle-brachial pressure index
AC	alternating current
ACE	angiotensin-converting enzyme
ACJ	acromioclavicular joint
ACL	anterior cruciate ligament
ACS	acute coronary syndrome
AE	air entry
AED	automated external defibrillator
AF	atrial fibrillation
AKI	acute kidney injury
AKIN	Acute Kidney Injury Network
ALL	acute lymphoblastic leukaemia
ALS	advanced life support
ALT	alanine transaminase
AP	antero-posterior
APLS	advanced paediatric life support
APTT	activated partial thromboplastin time
ARDS	acute respiratory distress syndrome
ASIA	American Spinal Injury Association
AST	aspartate transaminase
ATLS	advanced trauma life support
ATN	acute tubular necrosis
AUR	acute urinary retention
AVM	arteriovenous malformation
AVPU	alert, to voice, to pain, unconscious
AXR	abdominal X-ray
BASHH	British Association for Sexual Health and HIV
BBV	blood-borne virus
BE	base excess
BiPAP	bilevel positive airway pressure
BLS	basic life support
BM	Boehringer Mannheim (fingerprick glucose)
BNF	British National Formulary
BP	blood pressure
BPH	benign prostatic hyperplasia
BSA	body surface area
BTS	British Thoracic Society
BVM	bag-valve-mask
C spine	cervical spine
C&S	culture and sensitivity
CAM	Confusion Assessment Method
CCF	congestive cardiac failure
CCU	coronary care unit
CIWA-Ar	clinical institute withdrawal assessment for alcohol (revised)
CK	creatinine kinase
CNS	central nervous system
COPD	chronic obstructive pulmonary disease
CPAP	continuous positive airway pressure
Cr	creatinine
CRP	C-reactive protein
CRT	capillary refill time
CSF	cerebrospinal fluid
CSU	catheter specimen urine
CT	computed tomography

CTPA	computed tomography pulmonary angiography
CURB	confusion, urea, respiratory rate, blood pressure
CXR	chest X-ray
D&V	diarrhoea and vomiting
DBP	diastolic blood pressure
DIC	disseminated intravascular coagulation
DIPJ	distal interphalangeal joint
DKA	diabetic ketoacidosis
DM	diabetes mellitus
DMARD	disease-modifying antirheumatic drug
DNACPR	do not attempt cardiopulmonary resuscitation
DTs	delirium tremens
DVT	deep vein thrombosis
EBV	Epstein–Barr virus
ECG	electrocardiogram
ECHO	echocardiogram
ED	Emergency Department
eFAST	extended focused assessment with sonography
EGSYS	Evaluation of Guidelines in Syncope Study
EHS	exertional heat stroke
ENT	ear, nose, and throat
ESR	erythrocyte sedimentation rate
ET	endotracheal tube
$ETCO_2$	end-tidal carbon dioxide
FAST	face, arm, speech, time
FAST	focused assessment with sonography
FB	foreign body
FBC	full blood count
FDP	flexor digitorum profundus
FDS	flexor digitorum superficialis
FEV	forced expiratory volume
FFP	fresh frozen plasma
FH	family history
Fr	French
FU	follow-up
FVC	forced vital capacity
G&S	group and save
GABHS	group A beta-haemolytic streptococcus
GCA	giant cell arteritis
GCS	Glasgow Coma Scale
GGT	γ-glutamyltransferase
GI	gastrointestinal
GRACE	global registry of acute coronary events
GTN	glyceryl trinitrate
GUM	genito-urinary medicine
h/o	history of
Hb	haemoglobin
HB	hepatitis B
HBIg	hepatitis B immunoglobulin
HCG	human chorionic gonadotropin
HCO_3	bicarbonate
HCV	hepatitis C virus
HDU	high dependency unit
HHS	hyperosmolar hyperglycaemic state
HIV	human immunodeficiency virus
HR	heart rate
HTX	haemothorax
ICD	intercostal chest drain
ICP	intracranial pressure
IDA	iron deficiency anaemia
Ig	immunoglobulin
IHD	ischaemic heart disease
IM	intramuscular
INR	internalized normalized ratio
IO	intraosseous
ITU	intensive therapy unit

IV	intravenous
IVF	in vitro fertilization
IVU	intravenous urogram
JVP	jugular venous pressure
K	potassium
KUB	kidney, ureter, and bladder
LA	local anaesthesia
LBBB	left bundle branch block
LCL	lateral collateral ligament
LFT	liver function test
LGIB	lower gastrointestinal bleeding
LMA	laryngeal mask airway
LMWH	low molecular weight heparin
LOC	loss of consciousness
LP	lumbar puncture
LRTI	lower respiratory tract infection
LSD	lysergic acid diethylamide
LVF	left ventricular failure
MAP	mean arterial pressure
MC&S	microscopy, culture, and sensitivity
MCA	Mental Capacity Act
MCHb	mean corpuscular haemoglobin
MCL	medial collateral ligament
MCPJ	metacarpophalangeal joint
MCV	mean corpuscular volume
MDMA	3,4-methyl-enedioxy-methamphetamine
MHA	Mental Health Act
MI	myocardial infarction
MILS	manual in-line stabilization
MOI	mechanism of injury
MRI	magnetic resonance imaging
MSU	mid-stream urine
MTS	Mental Test Score
NAI	non-accidental injury
NBM	nil by mouth
NEB	nebulizer
NEHS	non-exertional heat stroke
NG	nasogastric
NHL	non-Hodgkin lymphoma
NIBP	non-invasive blood pressure
NIBP	non-invasive blood pressure
NICE	National Institute for Health and Care Excellence
NIV	non-invasive ventilation
NP	nasopharyngeal
NPIS	National Poisons Information Service
NPV	negative predictive value
NSAIDs	non-steroidal anti-inflammatory drugs
NSTEMI	non-ST elevation myocardial infarction
NT-pro BNP	N-terminal pro B-type natriuretic peptide
O&G	obstetrics and gynaecology
O/P	outpatient
OD	overdose
OP	oropharyngeal
ORT	oral rehydration therapy
OT	occupational therapy
$PaCO_2$	partial pressure of carbon dioxide
PaO_2	partial pressure of oxygen
PBF	peripheral blood film
PCI	percutaneous coronary intervention
PCL	posterior cruciate ligament
PE	pulmonary embolus
PEA	pulseless electrical activity
PEEP	positive end-expiratory pressure
PEFR	peak expiratory flow rate
PEP	post-exposure prophylaxis
PICU	paediatric intensive care unit
PID	pelvic inflammatory disease
PIPJ	proximal interphalangeal joint
PMH	past medical history

PN	percussion note
PO	per os (by mouth)
PPE	personal protective equipment
PPI	proton pump inhibitor
PR	per rectum
PT	prothrombin time
PTX	pneumothorax
PU	passed urine
PV	per vagina
PVD	peripheral vascular disease
qSOFA	Quick Sequential Organ Failure Assessment
RBC	red blood cell
RIDDOR	Reporting of Injuries, Diseases and Dangerous Occurrences Regulations
RIFLE	Risk, Injury, Failure, Loss of kidney function, and End-stage kidney disease
ROSIER	recognition of stroke in the emergency room
RR	relative risk
RR	respiratory rate
RSI	rapid sequence induction
RWS	Revised Wells score
SAD	supraglottic airway device
SAH	subarachnoid haemorrhage
SaO_2	oxygen saturations
SBP	systolic blood pressure
SIGN	Scottish Intercollegiate Guidance Network
SIRS	systemic inflammatory response syndrome
SOB	shortness of breath
SOFA	Sequential Organ Failure Assessment
SOL	space occupying lesion
SP	suprapubic
SpO_2	peripheral oxygen saturations
SSRI	selective serotonin reuptake inhibitor
STAT	statim (immediately)
STEMI	ST-elevation myocardial infarction
SVC	superior vena cava
SVT	supraventricular tachycardia
TB	tuberculosis
TIA	transient ischaemic attack
TIMI	thrombolysis in myocardial infarction
TMJ	temporomandibular joint
TSH	thyroid stimulating hormone
U&E	urea and electrolytes
UGIB	upper gastrointestinal bleeding
UO	urine output
URTI	upper respiratory tract infection
US	ultrasound
USS	ultrasound scan
UTI	urinary tract infection
V/Q	ventilation/perfusion
VBG	venous blood gas
VF	ventricular fibrillation
VT	ventricular tachycardia
WBC	white blood cell
WFNS	World Federation of Neurological Surgeons
WHO	World Health Organization

SECTION 1

Practical procedures

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Title: The Red Fox's Son: A Romance of Bharbazonia

Author: Edgar M. Dilley

Illustrator: John Goss

Release date: December 25, 2016 [eBook #53804]

Language: English

Credits: Produced by Al Haines

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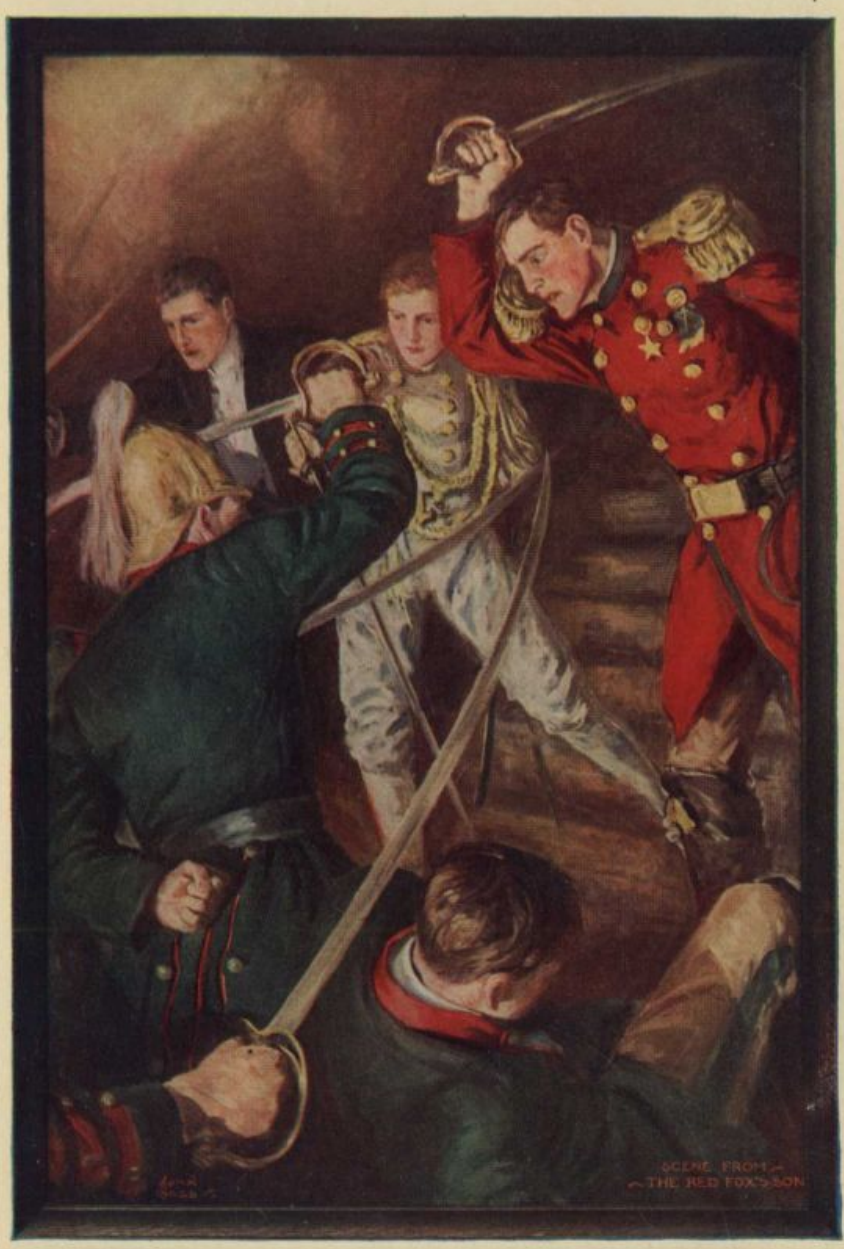
SCENE FROM
THE RED FOX'S SON

"As often as we drove the front rank back upon its fellows, a new set of swords took its place"
(See page 337)
From a Painting by John Goss

THE RED FOX'S SON

A Romance of Bharbazonia

By
Edgar M. Dilley

With a frontispiece in colour by
John Goss

Boston ::: L. C. Page &
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First Impression, June, 1911

Electrotyped and Printed by
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TO
MY MOTHER
THAT GENTLE LITTLE MENTOR OF MINE WHO HAS
GROWN MORE DEAR WITH ADVANCING YEARS,
WHOSE UNSHAKEN FAITH AND UNSWERVING
AFFECTION HAVE BEEN MY INSPIRATION
THIS BOOK IS
AFFECTIONATELY DEDICATED

FOREWORD

A word with you, who lift me from my place among the Books,

Before you take or leave me, pleased or displeased
with my looks;
If you are seeking knowledge of a scientific kind,
If you would delve in pages full of wisdom for the
mind,
Although I stand a Slave Girl upon the Public Mart,
Leave me! Leave me! Oh, my Masters! I can never
reach your heart!

But, if you love the glamour of the Palace of the King,
And find your pulses quicken when intrigue is on the
wing;
If you would see the Lover and the Maiden he would
wed,
The flight, the fight upon the stair, the rich blood
running red,
The last despair, the rescue, hero acting well his part
—
Take me! Take me! Oh, my Masters! I can ever reach
your heart!

EDGAR M. DILLEY

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THE RED FOX'S SON

CHAPTER I
DAVID AND JONATHAN

We still have slept together,
Rose at an instant, learn'd, play'd together,
And wheresoe'er we went, like Juno's swans,
Still we went coupled and inseparable.
—*Shakespeare: As You Like It*.

As I write in my quiet library the history of those stirring events which began and ended while the bells of 19— were ringing in the New Year in the Kingdom of Bharbazonia, I am interrupted on my literary journey by the sound of a sweet voice singing, in the room below, the robust melody of "The King and the Pope," my favourite song.

The sweet music sets me dreaming of the day I first met Solonika in her quaint little Dhalmatian summerhouse; of the time when she would have killed me in the Red Fox's Castle; of the night of suffering when I was lost in the Forest of Zin; of the race for life with Marbosa's men; of the sacrilege in the Cathedral of Nischon; of that last awful scene at the Turk's Head Inn, when friendship was put to the test—and I marvel, not so much that a man may be placed in danger of death in this, the Twentieth Century, from the religious superstitions of a mediæval race; but that I should owe my life to that fortunate occurrence, years before, when Dame Fortune's handmaiden, "Chance," made Nicholas Fremsted my friend.

I often wonder at that friendship which came to mean so much to me. It began when Nick and I were seventeen years old, and, although we are past thirty now, it has but grown stronger with advancing years. We were first attracted to each other as a result of a college prank. Like most youngsters whose parents make great sacrifices that their children may be permitted in a class-room, my whole ambition in life was to absent myself from lectures as much as possible. Nor was I alone in my folly, for most of my fellow students joined with me, knowing that the dread day of reckoning, examination day, was far distant. It is difficult to be a faithful student when the football season is gathering momentum!

Our professor was old and almost blind; and we young rascals unfeelingly took advantage of his infirmities. Before we were Freshmen a week, grown wise under the evil counsel of our elders, the Sophomores and Juniors, we had become adepts in dodging all his lectures. Because he could not see, it was easy for us to answer to our names at roll call and slip out the rear door, leaving the kind old man to talk to empty chairs. Sometimes, when it was not convenient for us to leave the athletic field, growing bolder with success, we commissioned one "man" to answer "Here" for all of us. He was careful to use different tonal qualities for each name. When his mission was safely concluded he, too, would rejoin us, leaving a few of that despised set of boys known as "grinds" in the front seats to sustain the appearance of a full class. They, fearful of the wrath to come, diligently minded their own business.

It was on one of the occasions when I had been sent up to answer for the class, and was standing just inside the doorway impatient to be off, that I first heard Nick's name. The professor, his nose close to the sheet, lead pencil in hand, called it out and waited

for the answer which did not come. I glanced hastily down the list I held, but Nick's name did not appear there. Again the professor called:

"Nicholas Fremsted."

"Here," I cried on the spur of the moment, and the roll call proceeded, keeping me in continual hot water running the scale of "Here, Here," until it was over. To this day I cannot tell why I befriended him then. He might have been a "grind" with a bona fide excuse for his absence which when presented later might lead to discovery. I hoped he would be one of the "good fellows" who were, I suppose, very bad fellows indeed.

The roll call over, I did not wait to see if he came late to lecture; but that same evening he visited me in my rooms. He was a tall, well made lad about my own height and build, with sleepy brown eyes and waving black hair. His skin was as dark as an Italian's, but when he spoke it was with a marked French accent mingled with something that smacked of a Russian or Slavonic flavour. There was the pride of ancestry in his easy bearing, and he spoke with the decision of one whom the habit of taking care of himself had rendered self-reliant.

"I am come to make my thanks to you, sir," he said, "for your kind offices this afternoon in replying to my name for the roll call."

"Do not mention it," I replied, bidding him be seated; "you came to class then after all?"

"Yes. Soon after the rest they are gone, I advance to the fine old professor to explain my lateness. He informs me I am not tardy."

"You didn't give the snap away?" I cried, realizing more fully the chances I had taken, for, if this foreigner were of the stripe of human beings who would rather be right than President, I should be made to suffer for my kindness. My classmates would never forgive me for

breaking up the little deception which other classes had practised undetected for years.

"Snap?" he repeated, puzzled by the colloquialism.

"I mean you did not tell him some one answered to your name?"

"Oh, no, I did not; although it is peculiar to be told by inference that one lies. When the instructor he says you are here since the beginning of the hour, and shows me the mark on the roll beside my name I only thank him and say 'Ah.'"

"Good boy," I cried, knowing that our secret was safe in his hands; and I took him to my heart then and there.

In five minutes we were smoking our pipes in the easy chairs, engaged in the pleasant occupation of getting acquainted. I told him all about myself and learned that he was not a Frenchman nor yet a Russian. That much he told me, and a great deal more, but he did not volunteer any information as to his nationality. There was that about him, too, which discouraged familiarity and he remained a man of mystery, even to me with whom he came to dwell at the end of that week, and with whom he continued to live for eight years. After we passed through college, I persuaded him to study medicine, and we both graduated from the medical school at the age of twenty-five.

He was one of the most remarkable linguists I have ever met, and with good cause. From his own account, he was sent away from home by his father for political reasons, the import of which he himself did not know, when he was eleven years old. He spent two years in St. Petersburg at school, two in Berlin and one in Paris before he came to Philadelphia, and, as far as I could learn, had never been home in all that time. His ample quarterly remittances came through a Paris broker's office.

When first we knew him we called him "François Fremsted" because we believed him French. But, after he joined the football squad and finally won his place on the team, having developed into a great strong fellow, we nicknamed him "Lassie." because that was the most absurd name we could think of for a man who was as intensely masculine as he. Nicknames, like dreams, you know, usually go by contraries. Of course the appellation was derived from the last syllable of his first name. To unsympathetic ears it may at first have been misunderstood, but "Lassie" himself liked it best of all the names we gave him.

His knowledge of languages did not extend alone to Russian, German, French and English. I remember, on one occasion, when we were celebrating a football victory with the usual foolish college abandon and found ourselves among the docks on the Delaware River front, Nick spoke in a peculiar dialect to a Slav stevedore, who was much surprised to find an American so addressing him. For some reason Nick became angry, and hurled the jargon at him imperiously; whereupon the labouring man removed his cap and knelt on the Belgian blocks of the street. So great was his humility that he would have kissed Fremsted's hand had not Nick brushed him aside and walked away.

Again, I frequently accompanied him to the Italian and Russian quarter of the town, when he wished to transact some mysterious business with certain residents there, and found that he got on equally well with them. It was also true that the Bulgarian consul was, next to me, Nick's most intimate friend and adviser.

What Nick's business might be I could never determine, owing to the fact that his negotiations were always conducted in different dialects, while French was the only language I found time to learn—

thanks to Nick's assistance. Whatever he was doing, he did not permit it to interfere with his college work, except on two occasions; once he was absent for a week in New York and once he made a flying trip to San Francisco.

Beyond leaving a note for me saying he would not be home for a week or so, he never volunteered any information about these journeys and I never questioned him. Had it not been that he was such a handsome fellow, not averse to the society of the ladies, I might yet be in ignorance as to his destinations; but on both occasions letters with illuminating post marks followed his return and told me that Nick had found time to make social calls after business hours. There was never anything serious about this sporadic feminine correspondence, and it soon fell away, possibly because he presently forgot to answer—a most reprehensible, though not unusual, fault in young men.

So the years went by and we became inseparable. The boys on the campus, whom nothing ever escapes, remarked the friendship and dubbed us "David and Jonathan." They eagerly watched for the advent of the woman, for they desired to know what would happen if the eternal feminine should come between David and Jonathan. But she never materialized and our lives went peacefully on.

After graduation Nick and I hung out our shingles together in Philadelphia. I persuaded my widowed mother to take a larger residence on West Spruce Street where there was ample room for all. Some of his clothing is still hanging on the hooks in his room and I suppose the key to the front door is still on his key-chain. We were scarcely comfortably fixed in our new quarters when Nick went away on one of his sudden and mysterious journeys. At first I thought he would soon be back, but he did not return for four years.

During that time I received an occasional letter from him, each one mailed from a different part of the globe. In one of his missives he told me his father had died, necessitating a change in his attitude toward life. In a letter from Paris he said he had been home for a season, but the country life of a gentleman did not appeal to him. He assured me he would soon return, and one morning, when I awoke, I found him in his bed-room next to mine. He had crept in quietly, while the house slept, and retired as if it were the most ordinary thing in the world for him to be home.

My joy at seeing him, as you can well believe, was great; but at the end of one short month he was suddenly away again, and his letters began arriving. This time he had a commission in the Russian army of the Far East, and was in Vladivostok when the war with Japan was declared. It was his misfortune to be transferred to Port Arthur, where he was captured when the stronghold was surrendered.

At the conclusion of hostilities he resigned his commission, but remained in Japan because he was interested in the country and the language. Then he drifted over to the Philippines in search of that will-o'-wisp called "Something New," and thence to California. In his last letter he said that he was coming eastward by easy stages and that there was a chance that I would soon see him in Philadelphia. In this hope I was not disappointed, for Nicholas shortly made his appearance. And here is where the story begins.

CHAPTER II

THE RETURN OF NICHOLAS

Returning he proclaims by many a grace,
By shrugs and strange contortions of the face,
How such a dunce that has been sent to roam,
Excels the dunce that has been kept at home.
—*Cowper: Progress of Error*.

It was on the evening of November 17, 19—, that Nicholas returned. I recall the date distinctly because it was the opening night of the Philadelphia Opera House. I was standing against the wall in the red carpeted promenade, marvelling at the magnificent display of gowns and the wonderful beauty of the women, both of which were a revelation to me, native born though I am, when I saw Nick sauntering through the crowd.

Older, a trifle heavier and more matured, I thought, than when I last saw him, but in all else the same old Nicholas. He was attired in the perfection of evening dress, for perfection was usual with him, and, although I least expected to find him here, I knew I could not be mistaken. There was the same mass of dark waving hair, soft, sleepy brown eyes and smooth olive skin; the same well-built athletic figure —proud heritage of the American college man—the same generous full rounded mouth and even white teeth enhanced by contrast with the darkness of his skin.

Waiting long enough to assure myself that he was alone, I made my way through the crowd, none too gently I fear, trampling on many beautiful, slow-moving trains in my eagerness to reach him.

"Lassie!" I called.

"Rude person," said the angry owner of a ruined dress; but I maintained my reputation for rudeness by ignoring the pouting beauty

in my frantic effort to keep Nick in sight.

At the sound of the college name, which he had not heard for years, Nick turned and examined face after face within range of his vision until, over the undulating sea of the hair dresser's art—and artifice—our smiling eyes met and he recognized me. So effusive was our meeting, and so genuine the display of affection, that we became the centre of an interested circle of bare-shouldered observers who, mayhap, imagined that we were fighting. And not without reason, for we were alternately shaking hands and punching each other forcibly, but affectionately, upon our white shirt bosoms. As the lights were dimmed for the next act our audience scattered as silently as possible to recover their places in boxes and pit.

"Are you alone?" asked Nick.

"Yes."

"Good. Then you will spend the remainder of the evening with me, now that I have found you."

The blare of the orchestra drowned further talk until we emerged from the opera house, leaving the cigarette girl, Carmen, and her Spanish lovers to their fate.

A huge dark green automobile with some sort of a foreign monogram on the door, and a small Japanese boy enveloped in a great fur coat at the wheel, drew silently up at the curb. Nicholas pushed through the aisles of waiting carriages and the crowd of spectators that lined the street and sidewalk on that famous opening night.

"To the Bellevue?" I asked noting the direction.

"I would rather take you home. We can have more quiet in your back office, Dale. I want to hear you talk. The sound of your voice is the best music I have heard since I returned to old Philadelphia."

"Have you seen mother?"

"Yes; I got in just after you had gone to the opera. She told me where to find you."

When we arrived home the Jap boy put the car in a neighbouring garage and I got out my Scotch and seltzer in the back office. Nick fled upstairs and brought down a mandarin's coat of many colours which he had picked up in Japan for me. It was indeed a beauty and I was proud of it as I strutted around viewing myself in the mirrors. Nick made himself comfortable in my old smoking jacket, and threw himself into a chair, his glance wandering about the room.

"Just to think of it," he said; "all these years have gone by and everything here is unchanged. Not a piece of furniture, not an ornament has been moved. In the midst of it you sit, the very personification of immovability, working away, doing the same thing yesterday, to-day and for ever. While I have looked upon a new scene with every changing hour, have seen cities rise and fall, have watched men die by the hundreds. Doesn't the *wanderlust* ever grip you, Dale; don't you ever want to get out and see something of the world?"

"Some persons have to earn their living, you young gadabout," I said, smiling; "and, after all, what have you accomplished with the fleeing years?"

"Humph," said he, "nothing worth talking about. What have you done?"

"I have been practising my profession, distributing with a free hand my pills and physic to the residents of Philadelphia; I have written a medical book or two and I have extended the lives of a few men and women, bringing joy into the homes of their loved ones. That is more than you can say, perhaps."

"True," said Nick, "I have done nothing. Are you married, Dale?"

"No."

"Going to be?"

"Not that I am aware of."

"Nor I, either; but I never stayed long enough in one place. Why haven't you?"

"Been too busy with my work to think about it, I suppose. Besides, there's mother, you know. Nick, I wish you would write to me oftener; your letters were so few and far between that I sometimes felt you had forgotten me."

For answer he put his hand into the pocket of the mandarin coat I was wearing and handed me a leather case. I opened it and recognized the meerschaum pipe I had given him as a graduation present. Pure white it was then, but now it was stained a beautiful reddish black, showing the years of comfort it had given him since that time. Nicholas never wasted words and I knew by this silent action in handing me the relic of our old, happy days, that he was telling me in his characteristic way how often he had thought of me. I was much pleased.

He took back the meerschaum, filled and lit before he replied.

"I know you have never forgiven me, Dale, for giving up the practice of medicine. I wish I could make you understand that it was not entirely my fault, and that there is no place for the medical profession in my country."

"I never could understand that, Nick, for it always seemed to me that a young man could make his best start where he was known."

"It is difficult to make you Americans understand that *tout le monde*, as the French say, is not American. In the first place there is no city, town or hamlet near my home place; and in the second the people—although I say it who love them well—are not progressive.

They still live under the laws of the middle ages and the wonders of modern medicine would appear as witchcraft in their eyes."

"Your country must be most peculiar," I said. Such was the rapport between us that Nick took my reply as I meant it, a gentle suggestion that he tell me more about his mysterious native land. Deep down in my heart I always resented his secrecy in the matter, and could never understand his reason for keeping anything from one who loved him like a brother.

A frown gathered upon his brow as he studied the carpet.

"If you still want to make a mystery of yourself," I said when he remained silent, "you need tell me nothing and I shall not be offended."

"When I first came to you, old friend," he said, "I kept my own counsel for various reasons. One was because I desired you, and all who knew me, to like me because I was just Nick Fremsted and not the descendant of an old and illustrious family. Another was because you Americans are inclined to smile at anything smaller than your own country and my Fatherland is not any larger than the state of Delaware."

"Let it pass," I replied, "and instead tell me what you have done since last we met."

"All right," said he. "Where shall I begin?"

"The last time you were here your father had died and you had arranged your estate and continued your travelling. You went to St. Petersburg on secret business for your government—the Turks were pressing you hard and you needed assistance from your guardian angel, the Bear of the North. After that you spent a month with me and then came the Russo-Japanese war. Tell me about that."

He took up the account from the day he left Philadelphia and held me spellbound with the tale of his experiences and the dangers he had escaped until I felt that my own quiet existence was a mean little life after all. The entrance of Teju Okio, returned from the garage, led the story in his direction.

"I found the Jap boy in front of Port Arthur," said Nick. "He was one of the little brown men who captured it. But, a month before they caused us to surrender, I captured him. It happened in this way. I was in command of one of the numerous defences which had to be taken before the city fell. The Japs, like little moles, burrowed in the ground, driving trenches toward us until they could win a position from which they could drive us out. We made frequent charges on their works, captured and put to death many of their soldiers pick and shovel in hand.

"One night, as I was accompanying an attacking party, the ground caved in beneath my feet and I fell on my back into a tunnel filled with Japanese within a hundred feet of the foundations of our redoubt. Before I could arise they recovered from their surprise and attacked me. I put up the best fight I could for my life but they were too numerous.

"The only light in the hole was a smoking oil torch which was soon kicked over, giving me the advantage of darkness. They were afraid to strike in the dark for fear of hitting friends, but I had no such compunctions. I fought my way to my feet, using both fists and feet, and escaped the crowd, leaving them fighting together.

"I knew that the open end of the tunnel must be opposite from the fort, so I went in that direction only to encounter more Japanese, running with lights to learn the cause of the disturbance. The top of the tunnel was so low that I had to stoop and there was no room to

use my sword. I dashed the leader of the relief party back upon his comrades; three or four of them fell and the rest blocked up the passageway. Before I could fight my way through, the first party came up in the rear and I was knocked down by a blow on the head with a shovel.

"They tied me hand and foot and held a council of war. Most of them were naked to the waist, and, as they gathered around the torch, with the sweat running from them in streams, they looked like little demons to me. Most of them were for killing me at once and be done with it, and I suppose I should have died then and there with a pick in my brain if one of their number, little Lieutenant Teju Okio, the only officer among them, had not interceded for me. He stood over me with a revolver in each hand and ordered them back to work. And they went reluctantly.

"In the meanwhile the Russian attacking party went on without noticing my absence. As luck would have it, they stumbled upon the very ditch which communicated with the tunnel, found the opening and came through it, cautiously firing in front of them and feeling their way. Okio heard them coming and knew that his men were caught in their own trap. At his command the Japs attacked the side walls with their picks and shovels and blocked up the passage with soil. Then he retreated with his men, leaving me alone and bound beside the barrier. He had forgotten to gag me and, when my companions came to what they imagined was the end of the works, I shouted my orders to them to dig through. Willing hands fell upon that hastily constructed barrier and in five minutes I saw a Russian hand come through, followed by the face of one of my own lieutenants, who paused in surprise when he saw me lying on the ground with a torch burning beside me.

"'Heaven help me, captain,' he cried, 'what does this mean?'

"'Cut me loose. Hurry. They are in the far end of the tunnel. Get your men through and capture them.'

"Man after man crawled through the hole until we were in sufficient force to advance with assurance of success. I led the way at double quick, but, when we came to the end of the work, there was only one man there and that one was Teju Okio. He was squatting before his miner's lamp calmly lighting a cigarette, his uniform and hands covered with mud, as if an army had walked over him, his little chest heaving like a victorious runner's after a gruelling race, a smile of satisfaction upon his face. He knew it was not our habit to give or ask quarter, yet there the brave little fellow sat smiling into the eyes of death.

"But I had not forgotten what he had done for me and I repaid my debt of gratitude by interposing my body between his enemies, just as he, a short time before, had done for me.

"'Leave this man to me,' I cried; 'get the rest. They are not far away.'

"But, search as we would, we could not find them. Neither was there another tunnel and the one we were in ended right there. I was mystified and turned to my prisoner for the explanation. He was furtively watching the ceiling above his head. Looking in that direction I saw the starry sky twinkling down through the hole in the roof of the tunnel which I had made in falling. The heroism of Teju Okio was apparent. Obeying his instructions, every one of his unarmed companions had mounted Okio's shoulders and escaped through the opening, leaving him to face the fury of the Russians alone.

"But I saw to it that they did not harm him, making him my own personal prisoner. We retreated that night before the Japs finished

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